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## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

HAT blessed fruits the seasons bring upon their coming! The good All-Giver is, indeed, a wise provider, knowing our earthly wants far better than we ourselves. He sends all the elements to minister to us, and day and night they cease not their offices. What if they come in storm and tempest, in sudden changes, in heat and cold, in scorching rays, or in the withering frosts? Are they not still performing their blessed purposes—means to God's great ends? Verily they are his great ministers; and we are, indeed, poor, miserable ingrates who see not good in whatever is meted out by the Providential hand.

If this is true of the physical world, is it not also equally true of the moral and intellectual universe? It is a blind philosopher, indeed, who does not see great ends in unusual means. As there is a reason for the rise of nations of a specific kind at specific times and places, so there is a reason in the various means which move those nations to certain ends. Even into the very commonplace incidents of personal and commercial being, does this purpose enter; so that, when time places us upon the observatory of retrospect, to look backward upon the changes which so constantly beset the path of each individual, we clearly perceive the divinity there was in lives and deaths, in good events and in seemingly bad ones, in seasons and their returns.

Viewed in this truly Christian spirit, will not the past year seem to us one of blessings rather than of sorrows? Assuredly it will! Even now we see the good resulting from the storm which bore away fortunes like sea-foam on the ebb-tide—even now we realize that the late "crisis" came to cure great personal evils, which threatened greater disasters to society. If it appears to have been thus beneficently ordered, how years will add to the moral grandeur of the rebuke thus administered to this over-worked, over-excited, over-grasping people!

That we are too addicted, as a nation, to money-getting—that we lay false estimate upon the power and purposes of gold, can admit of no doubt. The fact is realized fully by every person not swallowed up in the great maelstrom of com-

mercial life, and by such it is mourned as one of the sad signs of the times. But, to such mourners we say—away with your lamentations, and go to work to correct that worship of the golden calf! How? By spreading abroad a love for art—a love for the true and beautiful in life, in sense, and in being. Encourage a love of Nature, and of her preachers upon canvas; encourage a love of a pure literature, and a detestation of what is vicious; propagate principles of daily living which are pure and charitable and ennobling—then there will come that "reform" for which you pray—then shall our people become as noble and morally great, as they now are physically powerful and progressive.

—That cow-path over Boston Common has now become marked in the annals of our literature. The "Autocrat's" use of the quiet way to pour into the ears of the gentle school-mistress his pure and noble sentiments respecting life and love, is its dower—henceforth it becomes sacred to lovers and of interest to all.

—It has become so much the fashion, now-a-days, to talk of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, &c., &c., that the world is led to believe this country possesses only these few true worshipers of the muse. The Boston *Atlas* insinuates this in a late paper on magazine literature where it says:

'How musically and rhythmically run the names of the nine, arranged in strictly alphabetical order:

Bryant, Dana, Emerson, Halleck, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Willis—WHITTIER COMES!

"These are the only poets in our own country who can be said to have won celebrity: whose works are published and read in *two* hemispheres."

Now this is illiberal and unjust to an extreme degree, and serves to create a very wrong impression of the contributors to our poetic literature. No mention of Edgar A. Poe, of John Neal, of T. Buchanan Read, of Mrs. Osgood, of Alice Cary, of R. H. Stoddard, of Gilmore Simms, of George D. Prentice, of John G. Saxe, of Mrs. Howe, of Mrs. Sigourney, of Dr. Bethune, of Ross Wallace, of Mr. Duganne, of Ralph Hoyt, and others, whose names are household words with the people. This incessant obliviousness to the merit of all writers except those who are gray in literature, is untruthful and ungenerous, and is baleful

in its effect. The publication of one such book as "The Household Book of Poetry," recently issued by the Appletons, we do not hesitate to say is more deleterious in the unaccountable exclusiveness practiced toward American authors, and in its devotion to English standards, than any evil which the editor of said book is constantly charging upon the "pirating" system of the Harpers. When our critics and editors are less devoted to old shrines, and more cognizant of the beauty and freshness of the new, we shall have proper standards erected, proper encouragement given to noble effort. Until that time our young and rising poets must submit to neglect and injustice, borne up alone by the strength which is within themselves.

—The following colloquy is said to have taken place recently, between a European gentleman in India and his servant: "Boy, why doesn't the washerman wash my socks better? Look at this, (holding up a brown-toed sock). Boy—No washerman, sir; that coffee color. Master—What, you scoundrel! you strain the coffee through a sock! Boy—I never take master's *clean* socks. When master been wearing it, I take for strain coffee.

One of our correspondents is just from that quarter of the globe. He drinks no milk, although he once had a great fondness for it. Upon being pressed for the reason of this abstemiousness, he answered: All *cows* in China are *women*; and as I "knocked off" their diet when a baby I did not choose to patronize the human dairy, so got out of the habit of the *stuff*." In view of this, and further: in view of the recent stump-tail and swill excitement hereabouts, we confess to an immediate desire to cut short our allowance of the lacteal!

—We have suffered *some* by way of bad punctuation, but have the consolation of realizing that others have "enjoyed the same privilege." In a recent editorial of our papers in regard to the inauguration of the new hospital building in New-York, the writer is made to state that an extensive view is presented from the *fourth story of the Hudson river*. Correspondents will please take warning and put in the points at the right spot.

—A cotemporary tells of a friend, who, in his amateur essay on gardening, planted some lima beans, and not being

provided with poles, he married and settled them in life by planting in each hill sunflowers, trimming up the stalk, so that it served the purpose of a pole. For a time all went on well, till at length the sunflowers, growing so much faster than the beans, the latter were *absolutely drawn up by the roots!* Moral: John Deans emigrating into families who regard them as small potatoes, and very ambitious females of limited education, who have their eye on "society" and a "first chop" spouse, will please take notice.

This reminds us of the narrative of a friend who owns considerable land in Wisconsin. He remarked to us, in good earnest, that pumpkin vines grew so fast out there that the various town supervisors had to prosecute the farmers for obstructing the highway—the vines having bored through the fences and taken possession of the roads, where to *lay their eggs!* Indeed, we are assured that pumpkins, out there, are regarded as nuisances, growing so large as to require powder to break them up into handling pieces. The constant explosions, from this cause, in the fall of the year, serve to scatter the food *all over the State*, and the consequence is, everybody *has* to eat pumpkin pies in order to *get rid of* the "stuff." Oh, what a State of *pie-eat-y* must that Wisconsin be!

— One of the impromptu poets which infest every *well-fed* circle, lately had his powers unexpectedly taxed. A lady, celebrated for her piety, her hoops, and her taste for serious poetry, badgered him for an immediate parody on the first stanza of the "Old Sexton" poem, viz.:—

Nigh to a grave that was newly made  
Lean'd a sexton old, and on his earth-worn spade.  
His work was done, and he paused to wait  
The funeral train through the gate;  
A relic of by-gone days was he,  
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea  
And these words came from his lips so thin,  
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

Whereupon the ungallant fellow wrote, *instantly*:—

Nigh to a church that was newly made  
Stood a lady fair, and thus she said:  
"Too bad, too bad—I here must wait  
While they measure the breadth of this open gate;  
Ah! 'tis only *nine* by *six*, I see!  
Too narrow, too narrow, alas, for me;"  
And she sigh'd soon her quivering lips so thin,  
"I can't get in—I can't get in!"

It is needless to say he was *taxed* with no more invitations to tea and rhymes.

— Our mechanical friends who rent power from somebody else's engine, will enjoy the following:—"In a manufacturing village not many miles from Boston, the Baptists built a nice little church; but when it was completed, they found themselves very much in the situation of the boy who spent all his money for a pocket-book—they had no money to pay a minister. It so happened that there was an orthodox church in the immediate vicinity, and a fellow, more of a wag than a worshiper, on being asked who was going to preach in the new church, said, 'they ain't going to have any minister at present; they've made temporary arrangements to 'belt off' from the orthodox.'"

— The persecution of crinoline never will cease, we fear, until the "institution" is abolished. A chap travelling up the Ohio (the fellow is none of our acquaintance, please!) tells of a most sudden and singular transformation which took place among the female passengers of a fine steamer, one day, when a thunder-storm came up. The matter became a thing of moment. An inquiry was resolved upon. A married man—so the story runs—was appointed a committee of one to form himself into a hollow square, and explain the mystery. After a brief delay, he reported, in writing, that the transformation was based upon scientific principles. The ladies who wore metallic expanders, being aware of their affinity for electricity, and not wishing to get up a current around their forms, however distant it might be from them, had hurriedly dropped their crinoline. In the haste necessary, there had been some damage done, and we noticed one or two gentlemen with some pieces of brass in their hands, afterward, which they seemed to regard with more than ordinary interest.

All we have to say in regard to this matter, is, that the fellow who betrayed the sex deserves to be bayoneted by sharp tongues—to be scorched with fire from burning eyes—to be squeezed with arms crying for vengeance—and, finally, to be hung in the midst of a regiment of *skeleton* skirts.

— "Belle Brittan," the redoubtable, received a lively touch of caustic from the doctor who prescribes the "notices" for the Atlantic Monthly; notwithstanding, and as might be expected from a person of her temper, she is soon to "come out" again, in "Sparks from a Locomo-

tive," wherein, we surmise, she will occasion the Bostonian to see a perfect storm of stars before his Argus-eyes. Get your glasses ready for the phenomenon.

— A correspondent, having no fear of "graduating" female seminaries before her eyes, perpetrated the following:

FLORA, home from boarding-school,  
Flirted through her papa's mansion,  
In smiles and graces 'earned by rule,  
And skirts of most immense expansion.  
The third day, at her window sighing,  
A distant sound her small ear catches,  
A little ragged boy went crying,  
"Want any matches? Want any matches?"  
"Oh, my!" said Flora, "did you ever!"  
She looked and saw mamma was snoozing;  
Flew down the stair-case: "Now or never!"  
No time, I'm sure, should I be losing!  
Here, boy! I'll take your very best!  
Rich, handsome, with the world acquainted—  
How much?" "A *cint* a box, mum, please!"  
The youthful maiden heard—and fainted!

This probably was the same young lady who answered all the advertisements of young men wanting "engagements."

— A friend told us, the other day, of one of Edgar A. Poe's sarcasms, which is worth repeating. Poe had been told that certain ladies in the literary world had resolved to *expose* him, for some of his misdemeanors. He answered: "they are very good at *exposures!*" Those who have frequented some literary soirees, will especially appreciate the significance of the sarcasm.

Poe once was dunned savagely for a grocer's bill, long overdue. He immediately sat down, penned one of his most savage onslaughts upon one of "the literati," and upon the *strength* of it borrowed the amount needed to free him from the grocer. "There, sir!" said he, "*grow*, sir, you grocer puppy, into a dog, sir, and may you then be dogged, sir, as you have dogged Poe, sir. Now, go sir, and be ——— to you." This, properly expressed, would look very like a Poe-stanza. It goes to show that some of his conceptions may have originated in moments of high-feeling, instead of having all been coolly "coined," with great labor, as he intimates they were.

— "Amor" is informed that "Love" was received in dog-days, and proving rather too warm, we committed the lines to the tender mercies of the kitchen girl. They doubtless have "gone up" (chimney) ere this.

— Bellflower, of Springfield, O., asks us to republish Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." We cannot spare the space. The poem is in every edition of the poet's works that we ever examined. It is, at most, but a fragment.—The poem enclosed is scarcely suited to our wants. It is full of the faults of inexperience, and the subject is too trite

— Louise Grant has our thanks for the many kind things said in her pleasant epistle. Though the editor must necessarily be a stern critic, he is as "open to tender influences" as a grape arbor to sunlight and summer gales; and "hints" couched in friendly terms, are never unwelcome. It is your bull-dog correspondents which stirs up the sanctum to rebellion; to the wooing worded epistle the editor is all smiles.

— A letter from San Augustine, Florida, is full of old reminiscences. The romance of time hangs softly over that old place. Perhaps some of our romancers will "work up" the data enclosed to us. It is as worthy of reproduction as a fair landscape.

— Homer D— is not likely to succeed with pen or pencil. His prose is poor, and his "sketches to accompany" are poorer—so we cannot "please find place for the article."

— The authors of articles in past numbers are strictly anonymous. In the present number names are given, merely to show to our readers what class of persons cater to our pages. Many of the papers in previous issues, have been from these same friendly hands, whose labors, now acknowledged, will find great favor. We like to publish anonymous articles, because it compels the readers to judge them upon their merits alone. A good work is equally good, be it acknowledged or not. It is our purpose to use none other than the best papers which can be commanded; and be they from well-known hands, or otherwise, the reader may rest assured they shall be the proper thing for the pages they occupy.

— A correspondent asks—"Who is Aloth, author of Ernestine?" We cannot answer. All we know is that the work is a powerful one, though marred by some voluptuous pictures of experiences which had better been omitted. It is as much to transcend the bounds of modesty in print, as in real life, and some of "Ernestines" out-spoken expressions, we are not

sure could be made aloud to the household, nor to a lady friend.

— A "maiden aunt" is informed that we have children, and love them as tenderly as if they were born with silver spoons in their mouths; and her inferences that we do not know all about them, are rather premature. We know their little sayings are as pure as their little hearts, and to call what they say blasphemy, is simply hypercriticism. We doubt not the "Maiden Aunt" will change her ideas of Christian (and of children) propriety, if she ever has the *good fortune* to become a mother!

What a "feast of roses" do we bring to our readers, in this number! We doubt if any magazine published in this country ever brought a richer treat.

Article one is from the pen of the essayist and critic, H. T. Tuckerman, Esq., whose works rank among the best in our literature. "Art in America" is one of the best and most interesting magazine articles which ever came from his pen.

The second paper, so exquisitely illustrated, will, we hope, be perused with pleasure. The editor would be disappointed if his lucubrations were otherwise received!

"Santa Croce" is from the pen of O. W. Wight, Esq., one of the most admirable of all our æsthetic writers. As translator of Victor Cousin's works, as editor of Sir William Hamilton's works, and as author of many of the finest articles in the "North American" and "New-England" Reviews, the "Examiner," &c., &c., he has attained to a commanding position in our *belle-lettre* world.

The poem so exquisitely illustrated is one of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's most charming productions.

The story by Alice Cary we *know* will pass into a household word. It is worthy of the author of the "Clovernook" papers.

The poem "Body and Soul" is pronounced by one of the best critics in this country as worthy of any living poet. It is a rare luxury now-a-days, to meet with such productions. We commend it to the careful perusal of all.

The Biographic sketches for this month are unusually interesting, and the portraits, without exception, good. This series of papers has become a valuable feature of the Journal.

The poem by John G. Saxe is inimitably moving. It is not calculated to detract from the Wit's great reputation.

"Literary Curiosities" by Henry Kirke Brown, contains some curious matter. The reference to a case of the late Dr. Griswold's perversion of judgment is singular as showing what blindness can at times, afflict the critical vision.

"The Isle of the Blest" is by a gentleman just in from the long tour of the East Indies, China, Japan, &c., and therefore speaks of what he knows. The paper is one of the most interesting in this number of our Journal.

"Belle Brittan on Beauty" is the lucubration of the saucy, sharp, and sage belle on a congenial subject. She discourses more like a philosopher than like the caustic critic which she generally is.

"All about the Blacksmith," by Dr. Leroy, is a pleasant and rather learned disquisition on the history of the horse-shoeing profession.

The poem "Palace of the Imagination," by Mrs Barritt, is characterized by great beauty and power. It is one of the noblest poems we ever have given to the public.

The essay on "Cleopatra," from the pen of a clear-headed critic and essayist, is one of the best papers on its subject which we have ever perused.

The humorous poem, "What's in a Name?" probably will be detected as one of the particularly good things of one of our best humorists. Its characterizations of "High Life" are inimitable.

What magazine published in America can offer a more truly excellent table of contents?

Of the illustrations we may say: no money has been spared in rendering them the best which our most worthy engravers, N. Orr & Co. and Mr. Anthony could produce. We believe nothing finer has been done on wood in this country.

The steel plates are superb, as the readers will see at a glance. The first is of the celebrated painting, "Cleopatra applying the Asp," and the second from Bellow's inimitable work, "The First Pair of Boots." We may say it would be hard to find two choicer subjects for engraving, and the plate-work is fully equal to the subjects. The engravers do themselves great credit by such work.

We say all this, not in a spirit of glorification, but of satisfaction, that it has resulted so entirely in consonance with our tastes and wishes; and we only ask of the public that meed of praise which is honestly due. Shall we not have it?